

Orleans County Monitor.

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GEORGE H. BLAKE, Editor.
E. H. WEBSTER, Publisher.
Barton, Vt., Jan. 25, 1875.

"Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,
Unswerving by influence and undelivered by gain;
Here patriot Truth her plumes proudly draws,
Plunged to Religion, Liberty, and Law."

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ORLEANS COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society will be held at Frisburgh on Wednesday the 27th day of January, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The forenoon will be devoted to the business of organization, report of county commissioner, of the condition of the temperance cause through the county and from the committee appointed at the last annual meeting, held at Barton Landing, under the following resolution:

Resolved, That here and now we appoint a committee of three, one or more of them to visit each town in the county and to enlist any live temperance organization now in existence in this feature of the temperance work, and strive to start organizations where none now exist, that shall adopt a strong pledge and shall meet as often as once in two weeks through the year to raise the necessary funds and make all needful arrangements to carry out the above resolution.

Such committee were Rev. E. W. Culver, John E. Chamberlin and George H. Blake.

At 2 o'clock, p. m., addresses will be delivered by Rev. P. N. Granger, general agent of the State Temperance Society, and others. The remainder of the session will be devoted to discussions and the election of officers and the selection of a candidate for county commissioner. Let every town in the county be represented.

E. A. STEWART,
CHAS. CARPENTER, Ex. Com.
L. H. THOMPSON.

In the next Congress there will be sixty ex-rebel officers, while there will be but thirty officers who fought to save the Union, in that body. The nation is more than fulfilling the divine injunction, "Love your enemies," it is loving and honoring them.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.

The past week was chiefly spent in examining letters, and with the witness, Moulton. The mutual friend is supposed to be Tilton's best friend; his testimony has been long and various, and damaging to Beecher. He was made to acknowledge in the cross examination that he lied for Beecher during their intimacy, and if he told the truth on the witness stand when he made that statement, it will be easy to believe that he could lie in behalf of Tilton, and may have lied in some of his testimony. The public grows more interested in the case as it advances.

The cold wave that has been upon us for the last two weeks, is abroad over the whole country. In the far west it has been extremely cold, occasioning great loss of life. The Pacific railroad is blocked with snow, and it will be impossible to resume travel until warmer weather thaws the snow away. As far south as the Potomac, ice is formed of sufficient depth to be cut and packed in ice houses. At Boston, ice is formed in and about the harbor so as to impede vessels, and the ground is frozen under the sidewalks to a depth of two feet. Incoming steamers report very cold and stormy weather on the Atlantic. Many steam ships are now many days overdue, and fears in relation to their safety are increasing. In many places throughout the northern part of the country, the thermometer has indicated 40 degrees below zero, within the past few days.

At the time Congress gave the Pacific Mailship Co. a subsidy, several million dollars, to assist them in creating and maintaining a line of steam ships on the Pacific, about \$750,000 was paid out by the company to the "lobby" about Washington. An investigation now being held, reveals the fact that many persons high in public esteem, received portions of this money. Up to the present time, no money is shown into the hands of congressmen. The press is getting into trouble, as several parties connected with newspapers received from one to twenty-five thousand dollars of this money. Irwin, one of the persons who paid out the money, refuses to tell to whom he paid it, and is now in prison for contempt. There are doubtless many who are anxious to have him remain there, as his revelations would put them in bad odor, should he tell where the money went to.

Since Emmons Raymond has been president of the Passumpsic railroad, it has been a query with the public why so many experienced and efficient railroad officers have left the road. Among these are superintendents Ferry, Gilmore, Palmer and Parker, the Messrs. Allen, Mr. Fletcher, bridge builder, and many others. A late meeting of the directors

was called by President Raymond, and it has leaked out that the object of the meeting was to determine who managed the affairs of the road, and what were the duties of the several subordinate officers, and whether they should manage their several departments, or be governed by the caprice and dictation of the President. At that meeting the directors decided that superintendent Merrill was the officer upon whom they had placed the responsibility of running the road successfully, and that they desired him to do it, without any interference on the part of the president. It is understood that Mr. Merrill has been greatly annoyed by President Raymond, by having his management opposed and his proceedings set aside. The directors sustain Mr. Merrill, and believe him to be better capable of running the road than the president or themselves; and in this they show good judgment. Mr. Merrill has grown up in a knowledge of railroads, and has become one of the best railroad managers in the country, as his record shows. Other subordinate officers who have been dogged about by Mr. Raymond, will receive dictation from only one source, and be governed only by the heads of their several departments.

LOUISIANA MATTERS.

On the first page of this paper you will find the President's Message in relation to Louisiana, and the late trouble that are now claiming the attention of the country. Congress devoted considerable time to the discussion of these matters during the past week, and the report of a committee sent to New Orleans to investigate the affairs of the state, was presented. It appears from all the facts printed, that both parties claiming to rule the state are as corrupt as need be, and that peace and good order will not come until a better set of men are elected to office, and a better spirit prevails. The attempt that is being made by the democratic press, and the anti-administration papers, to saddle the blame on the President, will not succeed. His message is too plain, and the facts elicited from other sources are too convincing to allow the people to be deceived. We give below the opinion of E. H. Stoughton, Esq., the noted democratic lawyer of New York, upon the whole subject. After discussing the subject at length, he sums up as follows:

My purpose in what I have thus hastily written has been mainly to establish that the statement deliberately put forward that a State Legislature, peacefully assembled, had been violently dispersed by order of the President, is utterly without foundation. Such an act would have been wholly without excuse; indeed, a crime without justification. We have seen that there was no Legislature, but a body of men who had obtained and held their places in a legislative hall by violence and fraud. We have seen, also, that the President could not have ordered, or, until all was over, have known of, the acts of Colonel De Trobriand. To have hastily disapproved of them—without official information of what was done—would have been unjustifiable and a reflection upon that officer. I certainly have no sympathies with Governor Kellogg, his career or character; nor have I any respect for his judgment or for his purposes. But, at the same time, I cannot believe in the innocence or peaceable purposes of his political opponents, who, no longer since last September, forcibly overthrew his Administration and took control of the State. That their later purpose has been to obtain its control by an exhibition of less force and more chicanery, fraud and management, I do not doubt, and these they have employed, believing, as I suppose, that they were appropriate weapons against what they regarded as the frauds of the Returning Board. But with all this we have nothing to do in determining whether we shall or not condemn the highest officer in the nation for an act performed by his subordinate, upon the requirement of the Governor, whom these persons are struggling to overthrow. It will probably appear here the acts and orders of the President are known, that his directions to the Federal officer in command have been framed in careful compliance with the Constitution, and in harmony with that strong indignation, as expressed in his message, to interfere in the local affairs of a State unless clearly within the law, and in a case of the strongest necessity.

EARLY HISTORY OF BARTON--CONTINUED.

On the 7th of March, 1798, quite a number of inhabitants having moved into town, application was made to Jonathan Allen, a justice of the peace, by several voters, to have him call a meeting for the organization of the town. Accordingly, he warned a meeting for that purpose, which was held at the house of David Pillsbury, on the 20th of March. The following officers were then chosen: Asa Kimball, moderator; Abner Allen, Jr., town clerk; Jonathan Allen, Asa Kimball, Jonathan Robinson, selectmen; David Pillsbury, treasurer; James Redwood, constable; the selectmen were made listers; David Pillsbury, sealer of leather; Oliver Blodgett, grand juror; Asa Kimball, pound keeper; James May and David Pillsbury, surveyors and fence viewers; Oliver Blodgett, tithingman; Samuel Nichols, hayward; Jonathan Abbott, hog reeve and Jonathan Allen, sealer of weights and measures. It will be seen that officers were abundant in those days, and every man could fill some responsible place. The first Freeman's meeting was held during the year 1798, on the first Tuesday of September. Twenty voters were cast at this time for Gov. Isaac Tichenor, and the same number for Lieut. Gov. John Bridgman. At this meeting eleven men took the freeman's oath, eight of whom were from Brown-ington. On the 18th of March, in the year 1799, the next town meeting was held, and the town refused to vote to expend anything in repairs on the bridge crossing Barton river, but voted to lease the school lots. About the same board of town officers were chosen as at the first meeting. During this year it

was discovered that the first organization of the town was not legal, on account of some irregularity in the proceedings, and on March 22d, the town was reorganized according to the requirements of the law. Barton was at this time, included in Caledonia county territory. An examination of the list in 1798, shows that there were 18 polls, 26 acres of unimproved land, 3 houses, 20 cows, 8 horses, 18 oxen, 2 watches, and \$946 worth of property, real and personal. The value of the houses was estimated at \$375. Asa Kimball was the most wealthy citizen, according to the list, and his property amounted to \$154.

KILLED.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16, at 2 o'clock, Oliver Morse of Danville, was instantly killed while chopping in the woods. After dinner he and his son Charles, drove the team to a piece of woods a mile from home, breaking the road as they went. They felled two trees, both of which lodged against another. While Mr. Morse was cutting the third tree a jar caused one of the trees to swing down. He remarked to his son, "I guess it is coming," and started to leave, and the tree struck him from a few feet from the standing tree, killing him instantly. His son ran to his relief and drew him from under the trunk of the tree, which, it seems, was not quite down upon the ground. He found that the upper jaw was cut entirely off, from which it appears that Mr. Morse was looking up at the time the tree struck him. One of his legs was broken in several places, doubtless occasioned by the force of the blow on the head received while the weight of the body was on that leg. Charles hallooed for help but was not heard. Thinking his father might return to consciousness he sat down upon the snow, held his head and rubbed him, but in a few minutes the terrible truth was apparent that his father was dead. Removing his overcoat he covered him up and ran for help. Reaching the main road he met his brother, who was passing with a load of wood and imported to him the sad news. Throwing off the load they went back, got their father and drew him home. The arrival of the corpse was the first intimation the family had of the terrible accident. The news fell with crushing weight upon the family and a large circle of relations and friends. Mr. Morse was a son of Dr. Morse, one of the early settlers in town, who raised up a large family of boys and girls. Deceased has resided nearly 50 years in that part of the town known as the Morse neighborhood and was for many years the proprietor of the mills there. He was one of the most upright and respected men in town, commanding at all times the perfect confidence of all with whom he had dealings or social intercourse, and he will be greatly missed by all who knew him. His age was 69 years.—Union.

A LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN RAP-PIED FOR AND WON.

One of the most novel, as well as exciting, raffles that ever took place in Seymour, came off on Saturday evening, January 1st. Miss Minnie Clarence made the novel proposition of putting herself up to be raffled off, at 50 cents a chance. In less than an hour every chance was taken, and heavy premiums were paid. Miss Minnie is a most bewitching beauty of eighteen summers, an orphan of respectable parentage, and a member of the best society of the State. She was decidedly the belle of Seymour, and was loved and admired by all who ever became acquainted with her. She is a bright blonde, perfect in form, fair complexion, and has most ravishingly beautiful eyes. Ever since she came to Seymour she has been the centre of attraction. In justice to Miss Minnie, we should state that she gave the winner the privilege of accepting or refusing her, and reserved the same privilege for herself.

The hour set for the raffle came, and found all ready to try their luck. Miss Minnie was there in person, dressed in the height of fashion, to lend a charm to the occasion. She stood leaning gracefully against a show case, never speaking a word nor betraying the least emotion, or showing the slightest preference for any of the contestants, excepting there was a perceptible twinkle in her beautiful eyes when some young and handsome "lover" would shake the dice.

After name was called, and each one in turn would shake the box with nervous hand, until all but three had thrown, and nothing higher than 38 had been thrown. Then came Lynn Falconer's turn. Lynn is a blonde himself, and a clever, hard-working young man, and perhaps the twinkle of his eyes nerved him to the work. At any rate he tossed the ivory with steady hand, and the score called 40. The other two throws were made amid too much excitement to even be counted, and the prize was awarded to Lynn. Minnie came forward and took Lynn's arm, and the two went out together, amid the cheers of the crowd. She accompanied him to his father's hotel, where she was presented to his relatives.—Seymour Star, (Ind.)

A DEVOTED HUSBAND.

Horace B. Gibbs, of Cincinnati, was an employee of the Indiana Central Railway Company, and beloved by his family and intimate acquaintances. Less than a year ago he was married at the age of twenty-one to a young and beautiful girl, Belle Ridenour, the idol of his heart. On Christmas day the wife passed away from earth, leaving her husband an infant by three weeks old. The child was named St. Clair, and was transferred to his maternal grandmother to rear.

The husband often brooded over his wife's death, and continually expressed the wish to be beside her grave. His family believed that time would heal the wound, and apprehended no serious results. On the morning of the suicide he arose early, dressed himself in his best suit, and going to a livery stable engaged a horse and buggy, stating that he wished to go to Spring Grove, and would take a young man named Duncan with him. Soon after he called at the stable a second time, and informed the proprietor that for good reasons his friend could not go with him. He also stated that he wished to go to Richmond, Ind., and it was finally arranged that the owner of the horse would go with him as far as the cemetery, take him to the depot there, and then bring the horse and buggy back to the city. They started out on the road, and Gibbs ap-

A HEART-RENDING SCENE.

The Whitehall Times, of the 13th inst., thus speaks of the sad affliction which has befallen Mr. E. B. Murray of Whitehall, who is a brother of Deacon John Murray of Rutland:

"The family of E. B. Murray have been the greatest sufferers we ever knew. In ten days commencing with December 29, eight children, from three to seventeen years of age, died with diphtheria. Two of them were taken to North Granville, December 31, and buried. Four of them were subsequently placed temporarily in the receiving vault at Boardman's cemetery, as it was necessary to get them out of the house where the others were suffering. Two more died last week, one on Wednesday, and the last, Emma, aged 15, followed her brothers and sisters on Friday last. The scene in the afflicted household was long to be remembered by those who witnessed the terrible agony of the dying. The poor father of the bright children, who had lost his wife and another child last July, was too full of grief for even utterance. One by one the cold forms of his idols were laid in their coffins. He witnessed the terrible writhings and gaspings for breath of his dying children; yet he was powerless to give them aid. It was awful to behold his eight children were laughing and joyous, and now by the hand of death each one that had been a comfort to the lonely parent, was, alas! called to join their mother. Most of the children seemed to realize that they must die and spoke of being with their mother in heaven. The last one, Emma, expressed a wish to live that she might be a comfort to her poor father, but the hand of providence would otherwise for the soon joined the circle in the coffin. On Sunday forenoon two double sleighs bore away to North Granville six coffins, containing the remains of the deceased. It was a sad, sickening spectacle, and never shall we forget the scene.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.

Mr. Beecher's singular declaration at the last prayer meeting in Plymouth Church that he was the happiest man in the country is attracting considerable attention from the press. The New York Times thinks that if he spoke truly, his friends will be disposed to congratulate him on the fact that the source of his happiness promises to be inexhaustible, while the Sun hints that there must necessarily be some hint in expressions of gratitude for affliction. It doubts if it is possible for any one to feel more thankful for a bad egg than for a good one, for misery and wretchedness than for joy and happiness, and it believes that a man who avows such a faith ought to be a little distrustful of the genuineness of his own belief. As for the Plymouth Church people who profess to be jolly and thankful, it fancies that there is only one principle on which they may be well jolly, and that is the theory of the old salt, "I am always happiest," said he, "in the height of a storm. When it lightens like blazes, and the thunder roars like the crack of doom, and rain, hail and snow pour down, and the seas run high, and it looks every moment as if the ship must inevitably go to the bottom, then is the time that I always feel happiest; because I know that there can not be any change which will not be for the better."

SADLY FATAL FIRE AT NEW YORK.

A terribly fatal fire broke out on the night of January 19, in the grocery store of F. S. Balchreder, corner of Hoyt and Pacific streets, Brooklyn. The flames originated in the basement, and soon enveloped the entire structure. There were five families in the house. Balchreder and his family, who occupied the second floor, escaped. Mr. Blood and two sons who occupied the third floor, jumped from the windows. Mr. Blood was killed and the two sons fatally injured. The same floor was occupied by Timothy McCormick, his sons Patrick and John and daughter Ellen. John escaped, but his father and brother were suffocated, while his sister was fatally injured by jumping from a window. A number of other persons were seriously injured, and others slightly burned in endeavoring to escape. The building was owned by E. Vanbrunt Kissam who loses \$15,000. Balchreder loses \$3500.

THE WOODHULL WOMAN HAS BEEN INTERVIEWED.

She says the Beecher-Tilton scandal was public property before she thought of publishing it; that the Springfield Republican, Brooklyn Eagle and New York Sun had it in type; that she was at that time a particular friend of Beecher, Tilton and the "mutual friend," and often dined and wine with them at Moulton's, where Beecher praised the Burgundy before delivering a public temperance lecture; that Beecher sought her to publish the story because he could more easily combat it if printed by her than if used by the secular press; that Tilton had no objection to the promiscuous circulating in his household by Beecher; and adds: "The object in stripping my house was to get at Beecher's correspondence with me. It was not found. It was in the safe of a prominent gentleman in New York, but it may soon be given to the world. Neither Beecher nor Tilton want me as a witness, for they know that I should be a two edged sword."

Resolutions of "alarm" at the action of the President on Louisiana, introduced on Friday by another set sustaining the president, and on Monday the Methodist clergymen of Boston and vicinity unanimously adopted resolutions endorsing and thanking the president for his course, and Bishop Beaman of St. Louis, who was present said that not a title of the disturbances and oppressions to which the southern negroes had been subjected, had been told.

peared to be in good spirits. Arriving at the cemetery they drove to the Gibbs family vault, and reaching the newly-made grave Horace Gibbs alighted, telling his companion, Mr. Hallenback, to drive the horse around a circle or two, to keep him warm, then come back and he would be ready to go to the depot. Mr. Hallenback drove off but had been gone only a few moments when he heard the double report of a pistol, and returning to the cemetery he found Gibbs lying with his breast across his wife's grave with a Derringer bullet through his heart. Assistance was at once procured and the body was placed upon a stretcher, and covered up to await the arrival of the coroner.

A singular story of jealousy and revenge comes from Sicily. A beautiful young girl named Florina, who was the belle of a traveling circus in which she figured as the lion tamer, had been for some time receiving the attentions of an athlete belonging to the same troupe. By some means she ascertained that he was not faithful to her, but had another lady love. No signs, however, of her painful discovery were allowed to escape. She still smiled sweetly upon him. In her own bosom she planned the terrible revenge. One evening when the performance had been unusually brilliant,—after Florina had whipped the lions and forced them to lie at her feet,—she called her recent lover aside and said to him: "Do you still love me?" "Always," he answered. "Do you know that I should die if you should desert yourself to another woman?" "What an idea," responded the young man. "But I should first kill you," said Florina. "And how would you do that?" "Thus," cried the girl, at the same instant pushing him violently into the cage of lions. They attacked the unfortunate man at once and tore him to pieces, while Florina urged them on with blows of her whip.

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State News.

Seven members of the Massachusetts Legislature are natives of Vermont. Echo Pond has not been known so low as now for twenty years. The Passumpsic Railroad has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent, payable the first of February.

The Board school-house in West Fairlee, was burned early on the morning of the 6th inst. No insurance.

The reform school will remain at Waterbury until December, when the property there is to be sold and the proceeds applied to refitting the property at Vergennes.

Terrence McCauley was frozen to death at Rutland, a week ago last Friday, while attempting to make a short cut across a meadow to his home on the Sutherland Falls road.

A. J. Beari of Chester, who had 26 turkeys killed by foxes, last fall, has already killed 18 foxes, and says he will have a fox for every turkey killed, if it takes him all winter.

G. L. Cutler is the largest sheepowner in Springfield. He usually winters about 900, and has a barn 145 by 50 feet where they are housed. He owns 900 acres of land, 500 of which lays together in a body.

A two story house at Fond's lime kilns in St. Albans, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday of week before last. Four families occupying the house lost nearly all their household goods. Loss on house about \$1,500. Insurance, \$1,000.

The Vergennes arsenal was formerly the property of the United States government, but on the removal of the military stores to Montpelier, the property was sold to Mr. John M. Dyer of that city, for \$10,000; the original cost to the government being \$136,000.

There was one lucky man at Rutland, week before last, S. C. Hayward. He took out insurance policies amounting to \$3500, Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and twelve hours later the property insured was in ashes.

Large flocks of birds unknown in Bennington are observed in that village this winter. They are about the size of the red-breast robin, and are of a brown color flecked with red. They are quite tame and many of them have been caught. They are seen in flocks of from 25 to 200.

Widow Peter Powers is one of the smart old ladies in Corinth, of which there are several in that section. She is now 96 years of age, can read without glasses, has all her faculties unimpaired, does her own work and thinks she can out-work a dozen such girls as grow up now-a-days.

"The broad lake" portion of Lake Champlain closed January 16. The average time of closing for sixty years is January 29; the earliest date of closing being January 7, 1868, and the latest March 4, 1810. In the years 1828, 1834, 1842 and 1850, the broad lake did not close.

On Tuesday evening last, a daughter of N. W. Patch of Hinesburg, fifteen and a half years old, who has been diseased and weak in the body and mind, in some way came too near the light in her room, so that her clothes took fire. Her father was near, in an adjoining room, and soon extinguished the flames, but not till she was so burned so that she died in about twenty-four hours.

Vergennes finds it difficult to express its joy over the removal of the Reform School to that city. It laylaid the train bearing home the members of the legislature from the southwestern counties of the state, and captured and feted a large number of them. We understand there was no reception at Waterbury when the members returned home through that place.

The State Fair will be held at Rutland on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 14, 15, 16 and 17. At a recent meeting of the directors, James A. Shedd of Burlington, was appointed General Superintendent, Samuel Evans of Cornwall, Superintendent of Mechanics' Hall, John Gregory of Northfield, Floral Hall, Henry Hayward of Rutland, cattle, and Henry B. Kent of Dorset, horses.

Dr. James M. Knox of Essex Junction, a well known physician and scholar, committed suicide on Friday evening of week before last. He was born at Tunbridge, and was about 54 years old. He graduated at the university of Vermont in 1849, and at the Castleton medical school in 1851, among his classmates in the former institution being J. Wilder May of Boston, and Judge Shaw and Noyes. He had long been afflicted with melancholy, which finally settled into insanity, and on the night of his suicide he found a sharp knife, while in a closet after his medicine, and plunged it into his heart.

On the arrival of the Governor and staff, and the members of the general assembly at Vergennes, two weeks ago Thursday, they were met by a committee consisting of the most distinguished citizens of the old city—and several prominent people from Middlebury, including ex-governor Stewart. The visitors numbered two hundred and ninety-five, and sixty-eight teams were provided for their use. The Vergennes fire department displayed themselves, the visitors dined at an expensive of the city, and then the Champlain Arsenal grounds and buildings were looked over, after which the train was reloaded and all departed.

Daniel Posnett, an industrious Irishman in Fayston, has received tidings from the old country of the death of a relative, who has left him about forty thousand dollars during his life. Mr. Posnett is so much attached to the home of his adoption that he declines to re-visit Ireland himself, but has employed T. J. Devitt, Esq. of Montpelier, to go if need be and obtain the property for him. Posnett has lived in Fayston over twenty years. He served in a Vermont regiment during the late rebellion, and receives a pension for disabilities received in the service.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Gen. Sherman sustains the action of Sheridan at New Orleans. Sam Sharkey, of bigger minstrel note, has laid down his bone. The Minnesota Democrats have nominated Hon. Ignatius Donnelly for U. S. senator. Dogs have the toothache. A New York lady paid a dental bill of \$20 on account of her poodle.

The message of Governor Stearns of Florida shows that State to be in a highly prosperous condition.

The new Providence depot is declared by adepts in judging of those things the best in the world in every respect.

The petroleum exported from Philadelphia last year, amounted to 75,000, 112 gallons; enough to grease half the world.

A man to be known must keep his name before the people. He must let them know where he is, what he is, and what he is doing.

Sharon, the 40,000,000-acre of Nevada, has just invested in a United States Senatorship. We fear this rose of Sharon rose by sharin' his merry-gold.

An honest farmer, being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper, explained, "Because my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

James Wylie, the Scotchman and champion checker player of the world, is now in Illinois; he has played 4000 games since he came to this country, 14 months ago, and lost but 14.

Little Willie McCrea, an adopted child of Charles Skinner, near Seneca, Kansas, was abducted a week ago last Tuesday, and no tidings can be obtained of him, by the family who are tenderly attached to him.

The Beecher-Tilton abomination is daily dragging its filthy length along, in the Brooklyn courts, and affords a rare and dainty feast to all the foul scandal-loving old christian women in that city of churches, sham and shames.

The Brooklyn Eagle is now a moral sheet of blank columns. Staff reporters, clerks, printers, pressmen and carriers have all joined the Church, belong to a temperance society, and go to Sunday-school regularly. And blessed are the peacemakers.

Miss Kellogg says that American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. When one of them puts her mouth to a hole in the fence and "holers" to the girl next door to "fetch back them crumping irons," it fills the air with melody.

St. Louis is making grand preparations for the entertainment of the slate-colored Sandwich Island cannibal, Kalkakana. If his tastes are consulted, it will afford an admirable opportunity for the mothers of that overgrown village, to get rid of their surplus brats.

Probably the largest elm ever cut in Maine was recently cut on his farm by Mr. Harrison Farrar of Paris. It measured 2850 feet, and 290 rings were counted from the outside to within three inches of the center, where they became too indistinct to be counted. It was probably 3000 years old.

It is stated that sixty different nations now burn American kerosene. Germany, in 1873, consumed \$2,116,773 gallons, at a cost of \$11,469,151; Belgium, 22,416,120 gallons, costing \$5,127,408; England, 82,000,000 worth, and Ireland about \$1,841,765 worth.

It is reported that Miss De Montfort, the convertist, has come to grief. In Westfield, Mass., her agent hired four fellows to perform as subjects, and they went through the antics as instructed, but they could get no pay for their services and have published a card exposing the fraud.

No more pork for a certain Clarksburg, Mass., farmer. His own pigs sickened and died, so he bought a lot of a North Adams butcher. He ate and enjoyed a portion of it, but in trying out the lard his good wife found some twenty worms the size of a knitting-needle, and from one to two inches in length. And that family are living on beef this winter.

Three hundred colored citizens petition Congress to set aside some section of the South or Southwest for the exclusive residence and use of their race, with a view to organizing colored territorial and state governments and paddling their own canoe generally. The petitioners are satisfied that they don't stand any kind of a show among the white folks.

A deplorable suicide, arising from religious melancholy and mental derangement, occurred last week in the case of a young and intelligent woman, the daughter of William Hooker, a wealthy farmer of White's Valley, Pa. For five or six years, she has fancied that she had committed some grievous sin, and was continually building altars in her father's fields, and sacrificing lambs as burnt offerings thereon.

Massachusetts is a model State. Gov. Gaston states in his message that of the forty-two millions of passengers carried over the railroad in Massachusetts during twelve months, but a single one was killed, and but seven were injured. This is a record of which the State may well be proud. It is a notable fact, however, that railroad accidents are yearly decreasing in number as the appliances for their prevention multiply.

We have maintained from the first that Beecher was innocent of the charges brought against him. We think when the facts are all brought out that he will be acquitted. Tilton and his Woodhull-Cliffin combination desire to build themselves up by pulling Beecher down. This is the whole gist of the matter as will plainly appear when the trial ends, and there is only one being who knows when that will be.—Boston Express.

HUNDREDS CURED DAILY IN VERMONT